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Literature

William Lloyd Garrison*

THE TASK of ten years, self-assigned to the children of the soldier of peace and freedom, William Lloyd Garrison, is now completed, and the valediction is spoken. Four years ago, the first halt of this wonderful story, perhaps the most wonderful in the annals of this crowded century, was told in the form of twin volumes, gems of the printer's art in outward form, and containing within a singularly impartial record and model for biographers. Resuming the story at the point when Garrison became a disunionist and branded the Constitution as 'a covenant with death and a league with hell,' the narrative moves on in the first volume to the secession of South Carolina. This act of the Palmetto State, the editor of *The Liberator* hailed as the end of the old Union and of slavery. Henceforth he looked for a new Union and a new national life. In the second volume, the story of his relations to the War and the Proclamation of Emancipation are told. Though himself a consistent advocate of peace and non-resistance, his oldest son goes to the front as an officer in a Massachusetts colored regiment. After the Thirteenth Amendment is passed, declaring slavery abolished forever, Garrison makes a trip to South Carolina, sees the old flag raised on Sumter's ruins, and addresses the freedmen in Charleston. *The Liberator* now comes to an end, and, the editor's occupation gone, his friends raise a fund which in old age furnishes him with a competence, and he now becomes a journalist at large, writing freely on various subjects of reform in *The Independent* and other papers. In serene and sunny old age he enjoys two visits to England. Until his latest breath, his pen and voice were ever ready to be used in behalf of the oppressed of every age, sex, class or nation.

Apart from the intrinsic interest of the narrative, the work is one of great literary art. The biographers give copious references to every phase of the great conflict which their father incarnated. The two sets of notes, at the foot and at the sides of the page, form indexes to the files of *The Liberator*, and to the literature of the day, with its favorable and unfavorable references to Garrison. In the last chapter, entitled 'Inner Traits,' we have the biography proper; for in this, the personal characteristics, home life, tastes, reading, physical appearance, and idiosyncracies of the father are transparently set forth by the son. Hundreds of readers who may be discouraged from attempting to read the major part of the voluminous story, or whose prejudices may prevent enjoyment of the book as a whole, will be delighted with this fascinating picture of a noble soul. The index to the four volumes is a model of what an index ought to be. It comprises seventy-six pages, in several kinds of type, and is in itself full of biographical and other useful information which will save the opening of many reference books. The completed work is at once a biography, an autobiography, a history, and an encyclopædia of the anti-slavery movement, written with astonishing grasp of the whole range of facts in

the case, and in a spirit of candor that is as rare as it is desirable.

To our mind, the life of William Lloyd Garrison has value as an example quite apart from his reputation as an agitator and reformer. It is as a soldier in the cause of right—who refused to fight with carnal weapons, that Garrison is an inspiring model to all who would follow in the steps of the great Exemplar. Living in a commonwealth whose blazon is a mailed hand holding aloft a naked sword, whose legend and motto have the sound of war, whose first settlers were led by a follower of Gideon only too ready to smite the red Amalekites of the soil, whose sons have always been rather more than less in haste to shed the blood of their enemies, and in an age noted above all others for the development of the apparatus of murder, Garrison's attitude as a non-resistant and non-combatant is for all time a noble example. Serene and unshaken in his principles he lived and wrought, and the value of such a figure in history outweighs in moral grandeur a host of fighters on horseback and chiefs of artillery. We sincerely hope—and this despite our own personal and almost ineradicable prejudice against the man himself—that the writers of these portly volumes will in brief compass present for the youth of our land a biographical picture of the man who held with life-long loyalty unshaken and unterrified to the weapons of the Prince of Peace.

Whether the biographers meant it or not, they have shown conclusively that William Lloyd Garrison was a truer interpreter of Him who said 'my kingdom is not of this world,' than the militant ecclesiastics who, through all the ages, have been so ready to take up the sword. Christianity needs vastly less gunpowder and iron, and a good deal more of the spirit of this man so often called 'infidel,' and of his Master, before it can expect to compass the whole earth.

"Caroline Schlegel and Her Friends"*

A DELIGHTFUL biography of one of the most interesting of German women has been written by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. It is not laudatory, as such books are apt to be, but just and discriminating; and it carefully presents the surroundings of the subject—a very important part of a biography. The book gives us a strong desire for a larger knowledge of Caroline Schlegel, and of others who were her friends, or who had an influence on her life. Caroline Schlegel lived through a remarkable era in German life, when new theories about literature and society were being put forward and new social experiments tried. This book opens to us a knowledge of what women were then aspiring to, and some of them accomplishing. On one of its first pages we get glimpses of these new tendencies: 'Many girls of Caroline's age and standing were taking advantage of the more liberal views as to the education of women that were beginning to make themselves felt. Dorothea Schloerzer took a doctor's degree, Philippine Gatterer set up as a German Sappho, and was painted by Tischbein as the Muse of Poetry. But in those days a woman could not acquire a reputation for learning, or even for literary inclination, without incurring at the same time the terrible name of blue-stocking.'

Caroline was the daughter of the able Biblical scholar, Michaelis; but she had little help from her father in her upbringing. The old ideas in regard to the education of girls and the occupations of women still prevailed; but Caroline was headstrong, and loved to order her own ways. She escaped from gossip by her marriage to a country physician, at the age of nineteen. Then she devoted herself to her children and to the varied reading of books. At the age of twenty-five she was left a widow, and she returned to her father's house with three children. Lovers gathered about her, and chief of them was Wilhelm Schlegel. Another of

* William Lloyd Garrison. *The Story of his Life told by His Children*. Vols. III. and IV. 1841-1874. \$3 per volume. New York: The Century Co.

* Caroline Schlegel and her Friends. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. \$2. New York: Scribner & Welford.

them was Tatter, and still another, Meyer. Of her connection with the last, Mrs. Sidgwick says: 'Men and women formed intimacies which led to neither love nor marriage, and yet were not bereft of sentiment. Her letters to him contain elaborate descriptions of her states of mind as well as allusions to the outward changes in her life. She is eternally discussing herself and her feelings; and her confessions do not ring true. But it is only fair to her to remember that at the end of the eighteenth century such personal discussions were almost a literary fashion, and free from the stamp of vulgarity that the least suspicion of sentiment and insincerity fixes on them now.'

On Caroline Schlegel's removal to Mainz, in 1792, she became the intimate friend of George Forster, whose wife had an affinity for Ferdinand Huber. The revolutionary movements of the time made their situation as republicans precarious, and in trying to escape Caroline was imprisoned for three months. Her revolutionary beliefs and deeds made it necessary for her to keep in hiding even after her release from prison, and her presence was forbidden in all the states where she had formerly lived. In this dark hour Wilhelm Schlegel came to her aid, found her a home in Leipzig, and left her in charge of his brother Friedrich. This young man, nine years the junior of Caroline, though of great intellectual promise, had led an aimless and dissipated life; but now he fell deeply in love with Caroline, and her influence led to a complete change in his conduct. In the midst of this experience Caroline gave birth to a child, which soon after died. The father was a Frenchman; his name is not known. At Mainz, Caroline had passionately declared her love for Tatter, who had rejected her; and it was after this bitter experience, in sheer desperation, that she formed the connection which led to so much of sorrow for her. Her friends now deserted her, and she was in a measure an outcast from society. Yet we are told that 'compared with the history of many women of her society and time, her adventures were not remarkable. The most superficial acquaintance with the social history of German towns immediately after the death of Frederick the Great, shows that in certain classes of society an extraordinary slackening of moral customs had succeeded a long period of military despotism. Berlin at this date has been likened to the Venusberg.'

Caroline now went to live with her mother. Her friendship with Wilhelm Schlegel was renewed, and they 'decided to live side by side, and not to marry, according to their revolutionary and romantic principles.' Wilhelm being urged by Goethe to settle at Jena, found it desirable to marry, in order that he might be able to accept a professorship in the university there. As Schlegel's wife Caroline was well received in Jena. She became a valuable assistant in his literary labors, for she acted as his secretary and adviser. Her past was overlooked, she became a leader in society, and her literary salon was an important feature of Jena life. She had the gifts for making others talk, and for attracting about her the most intelligent people. Her social tact and stimulating, intellectual spirit made her the friend and helper of many young literary aspirants.

She took an active part in the romantic literary movement, was the intimate friend of its leaders and the constant correspondent of many of them. The new ideas of the period were all hers—its romanticism, its demand for social freedom and a larger life for women, and its desire for greater freedom in the relations of the sexes. Many women gave their support to the romanticists, and they lived in close intellectual companionship with them. When the romantics started a literary journal, Caroline became a contributor; but her influence was exerted mostly as a friend and correspondent. What she wrote was almost always published under her husband's name.

This life continued for a few years, broken only by the death of Auguste, her only remaining child. Then there came a gradual estrangement between Caroline and Schlegel,

owing in part to the demand of Caroline for constant devotion, in part to Schlegel's absorption in his literary labors, and in part to a growing interest in Wilhelm Schelling on her part. At last the Schlegels separated, a divorce was secured, and Caroline married Schelling, who was twelve years her junior. Now there came in her life a period of calm and rest. She was no longer a leader of the romantics, but a devoted wife. The storm and stress of all her earlier years passed away, and she became a loving home-maker. She met Schlegel, and the two were friends, there being no embarrassment between them: such was the spirit of the time. A few years of happy life; and then, in 1809, came the end of Caroline's career. She was deeply mourned by Schelling, who wrote to a common friend: 'To me is left the eternal pain that death only can relieve—that only memory can sweeten,—the memory of the loveliest spirit, the finest nature, the truest heart; and these I could once, in the fullest sense, call mine.'

Mrs. Sidgwick has written a most interesting book. It gives an insight into German society, and into the inner life of its literary tendencies, at the end of the eighteenth century, which is of great importance. No other book in English, with which we are acquainted, is of so much help in making the romantic movement fully understood as a social influence. Nor have we seen elsewhere so fully stated what was the influence of women at that period, a period when they showed great literary activity, or why it was that the romantics sought to emancipate them from the old social conditions. The book is therefore not only a biography of a woman delightful in spite of her faults, and they were many; but it is a study of a most interesting social and literary movement, and a study that does not expound literary theories, but gives us social realities.

Bagehot's Works*

THIS NEW EDITION of Bagehot was intended at first to be a simple reprint of his works as already published in England; but it was soon discovered that the text was very corrupt, being filled with almost every kind of mistake that a writer could make. 'These slips,' says the editor, 'cover almost the entire possible range of human blunders, and are sometimes of serious moment.' Some of them were mere errors of the press, and Mr. Morgan thinks that Bagehot did not correct his proofs. A host of blunders were also found in the author's grammar, such as the use of singular verbs with plural nouns, and of one tense where another is required. Most mistakes of these two classes have been corrected by the editor. But the worst case is that of the false and mangled quotations; and in respect to these it is impossible to acquit Bagehot of gross negligence. Correct quotation is a matter of duty and not of literary taste; and Bagehot's quotations, as the editor clearly shows, are oftener incorrect, and, what is worse, he gives some passages as quotations which are not so at all. Thus, in the essay on 'The First Edinburgh Reviewers,' he professes to quote three sentences from Sydney Smith, sneering at Malthus and Ricardo, on which the editor remarks: 'There is no such passage in his [Smith's] writings, and his references to Malthus are all not only respectful but almost reverential' (Vol. I. p. 5). Several other such cases are noted; and it is evident that the editor and his assistants have had a difficult task, and that they have performed it with conscientious care. Mr. Walter Learned has lent him efficient aid in translating his author's quotations from foreign languages.

Bagehot's merits as a thinker and writer, though we have not so high an opinion of them as Mr. Morgan has, were undoubtedly much above the ordinary. He was first of all a political thinker, and it is on his writings in political philosophy and his discussion of practical affairs in *The Economist* that his fame rests. His literary and biographic studies,

* The Works of Walter Bagehot. With Memoirs by R. H. Hutton. Ed. by Forrest Morgan. 5 vols. \$5. Hartford: Travelers' Insurance Co.

though containing much that is good, show oftentimes a slovenliness of thought and expression and a slapdash style of criticism which are neither agreeable nor instructive. Yet some of them are excellent, and in most the reader will find something that is fresh at least. Of his longer works we think 'The English Constitution' by far the best. 'Physics and Politics,' which Mr. Morgan rates so highly, seems to us to contain a great deal of dubious philosophy, being, like many other works of the evolutionary school, the result of crude and hasty generalization. His criticisms on the English economists are often acute, and it is to be regretted that he did not live to write a complete treatise on economics. His political opinions are in many cases such as we can by no means agree with. He was out of sympathy with the democratic spirit of the age, held that a society like that of England, consisting of distinct classes, was the best society possible, and was a determined opponent of universal suffrage. He even approved and applauded the infamous *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, and declared that the French were incapable of self-government. When all deductions are made, however, Bagehot remains one of the most useful of English political thinkers, and we trust that this handsome and extraordinarily cheap edition of his works will have a large circulation. The expense to which the Travelers' Insurance Co. have gone in putting it upon the market is not likely to be covered by the sale of the edition, consisting, we believe, of 7000 sets. Their reward is an indirect one, coming from the publication of the Company's name in the headline of each page. Mr. Hutton, whose memoir is used, has been remunerated for permitting its republication in this country; and, if we mistake not, the holders of Bagehot's copyrights also have been fairly dealt with.

"Comedy of a Country House"*

APART from the certainty of being entertained, as an antidote to the sensationalism of that unattractive novel, 'Aristocracy,' published anonymously last year, it will be wise to read Mr. Julian Sturgis's 'Comedy of a Country House.' Nowhere in fiction have we come upon a picture of contemporaneous society in England more exquisitely drawn. A nice acquaintance with his subject, a sense of humor as delicate as it is acute, the dramatist's ability to group his characters upon the scene without confusing them, a scholar's choice of words and phrases—no one of these attractions is lacking to the story. The hero, young Lord Lorrilaire—despite the somewhat silver-fork-novelish flavor of his name,—is a muscular young Briton, who, as plain Archie Rayner, had gone 'straight' from Balliol College, Oxford, to the Rocky Mountains, there to make up his mind what shape to give his future. News came to him of the death of his kinsman, Lord Lorrilaire, in England, and of that kinsman's only son, in India. Thus, Archie had become a lord. He blushed in Colorado Springs as he learned it. He felt a fool. That was his first feeling. He rode back to camp, and blushed again, as he told his mate. 'How's that?' said the mate, who had come West, from Chicago; 'what in thunder are you?' 'I'm a lord,' said Archie, 'and I've got to go home and learn the business.'

In his ancestral castle of Langley, a company of gentlefolk, assembled by Archie's aunt, Mrs. Dormer, and his uncle, Sir Hickory Villiers, await impatiently the delayed coming of the master, who, by the way, arrives on foot, in hobnailed boots, with his toothbrush in his pocket—having spent the previous night asleep under his own haystack. Among these people are included the admirably chosen types who unfold the author's little tissue of comedy. Lady Jane, the professional match-maker, with her high-toned, unacquiescent daughter, Elizabeth; Mrs. Dormer, sleepy and self-indulgent, and as much given to speaking rude truths as any one of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkin's duchesses; Mrs. Chauncey, the 'larky' young married woman, on her good

behavior, for promotion; Tory Fotheringham, 'as smooth and ruddy as the advertisement of a patent food,' but woefully hipped about his health; Leonard Vale, the marplot, for he has too little backbone to be styled the villain of the piece; delightful Lord Hackbut, the Conservative old peer, who will stand nonsense from nobody; Mr. Palfrey, the rising man of the Tory party; Mr. Beck, the radical editor; and lastly, Dora, impulsive, mischief-making Dora, who, to protect her old friend Archie from the schemes that threaten him, tangles herself, the husband she loves, and everybody else into a spider's web, of which the glittering dew-drops are her own flashes of wit and woman's courage. Beside Dora Rutherford, Elizabeth, the heroine—who, at the curtain's fall, stands hand-in-hand with Lorrilaire,—seems overshadowed and conventional; but then, poor thing, she is the long-suffering daughter of awful 'Lady J.,' and as Lady Lorrilaire, there is no knowing into what she may develop. An announcement from Mr. Sturgis, over his own hand, in fac-simile, following the title-page of his charming 'Comedy,' tells us that the present edition is the only one authorized by him to be published in America.

A Life of Monk*

THE TENDENCY of the biographer to exalt his subject, and to defend him *vi et armis*, is strikingly illustrated in this sketch of 'Monk,' by Julian Corbett. The author, like a gladiator who escorts some weakling, strikes right and left, forcing his way through a throng of authorities all marshalled to oppose him, and triumphantly deposits his charge unharmed in a haven of safety. Mr. Corbett, to whom we do not wish to do injustice despite the violence of the simile, has written an uncommonly brilliant and painstaking biography of the great general who restored Charles II. to the throne of his fathers, and reaped for himself the Dukedom of Albemarle, the Earldom of Torrington, the Baronies of Potheridge, Beauchamp and Tees, the Captain-Generalship of England, the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, the Mastership of the Horse, the Order of the Garter, the post of Privy Councillor, and other matters not worthy of mention beside these glittering and sumptuous rewards.

But from the beginning of the volume to its end we find but one example of even the slightest dereliction upon the part of Gen. Monk from an uprightness and even sublimity of conscientiousness which was as rare if not rarer in that age than in our own. This single instance is that of his *amour* with Nan Clarges, then the wife of a perfumer in London, and afterward the Duchess of Albemarle. In Ireland, in Scotland his policy is unquestioned, and the last five or six chapters of the book are an ingenious and eloquent defence of his course of action during the portentous weeks which preceded the Restoration. Of such utter self-abnegation and supreme conscientiousness as is here claimed for him we do not believe Monk was possessed. His character has no doubt been maligned, and he has been accused of treachery of which he was innocent; but neither was he a man devoid of the faults common to all humanity, nor of certain others peculiarly his own. The whole affair of the presentation to Parliament of the letters of the King—letters of which Monk pretended profound and surprised ignorance, although he had himself contrived the exact manner of their presentation, and was fully aware of their contents—displays powers of dissimulation which certainly could not have been instantly born in him, but were the perfect fruit of long and judicious practice in that art. As to his motives, who can judge? Were they purely patriotic, purely selfish, or a mixture of the two? Extremists will select one of the first two alternatives, but to the fair-minded man, the last will appear the most likely to be the true one. In the matter of Argyll's condemnation, the author's position is more tenable, but we should like to have seen the question—a question so important—treated with more minuteness and exact cita-

* 'Comedy of a Country House: A Novel. By Julian Sturgis. 30 cts. (International Series.) New York: F. F. Lovell & Co.

* 'Monk. By Julian Corbett. 60 cts. New York: Macmillan & Co.

tions. But, aside from the strictures which have been made, it cannot be denied that the book is both brilliant and entertaining, and a skilful defense of its subject.

"Recollections of a Mississippi Lawyer"*

THE PORTRAIT of the author prefixed to this comely volume is that of a man of strongly-marked characteristics of mind and body. We are reminded of the saying that 'eminent men are usually healthy men,' the form and features certainly betokening a vigorous constitution and suggestive also of sustained mental vigor. Mr. Davis, in dedicating his interesting work to the lawyers of Mississippi, intimates that he is not only the oldest native of the State in the legal profession, but also the sole survivor of the bar of fifty years ago. One who has seen the movement of history in Mississippi almost from the first decade of its existence as a State, held high office under that State, and served in both the Federal and Confederate Congresses, has no lack of reminiscence and charming anecdote. In a straightforward, manly style, honestly expressing his convictions, yet in commendable moderation repressing what can merely irritate, the narrator tells his story. Though not in any sense a history of the State associated forever with the romance of De Soto, La Salle and Tonti, we can think of no better series of sidelights along the path of the Mississippi of the last half-century than this informing volume. Most fascinating is the story of the pioneers who planted civilization amid most formidable obstacles. While perfectly frank in picturing those early days, and the faults and infirmities of the settlers, Mr. Davis does not pretend to conceal his high admiration of the men and women who achieved so much against odds which the closet-historian cannot appreciate. On pp. 18-19, a most suggestive photograph of these early Mississippians is shadowed forth in a few terse sentences. Most of them were sober, industrious, God-fearing men. 'A man ought to fear God, and mind his business.' 'Minister as he was, my father never doubted that it was part of his Christian duty to knock down any rascal who happened to deserve such discipline.' It is this perfectly frank statement of facts that gives such delight to the reader of these pages to whom the flavor of truth is superior to that of fiction. Though of necessity portraying chiefly the people and eminent men of his own State, yet his pen-pictures and judgments of many of those of national reputation also are given, and will interest Americans in every section of our common country. Wisely the author cuts his story off at the Civil War, and in language charged with deepest feeling, draws from nature's 'sweet oblivion of flowers' a lesson which it would be well for all of every American commonwealth to heed. A good index completes this most valuable and readable story. Its dignity, pathos, manliness and fine literary style make it a model for all those who expect or propose to contribute to history by personal reminiscences.

Holiday Publications

'TO BE SURE, there's a certain M. Guy de Maupassant,' said a 'certain' Paris correspondent not long ago, in a disdainful summing-up of the present literary movement in France. The reader of English may gain a slight but not wholly inadequate notion of what this M. Guy has produced from Mr. Jonathan Sturges's translation of thirteen of his short stories, published together in one pretty volume under the piquant title of 'The Odd Number.' Mr. Henry James, in a labyrinthine preface, tells us all that a stranger should wish to know about M. de Maupassant, of his literary parentage, his good qualities and his more important accomplishments and achievements. He 'travels, explores, navigates, shoots, goes up in balloons, and writes,' and makes 'copy' of everything that happens to him. In this, as in much else, he is more like his literary grandfather, Balzac, than his more immediate connection, Flaubert. Although much inclined to look on the wrong side of things, he nowhere shows that grim pleasure which the latter had in studying the processes of human degeneration. In fact, de Maupassant's cynicism, which Mr. James adverts to, is that of a young

man, young in feeling as well as in years; in other words, it is affected. He is as often pathetic as cynical. His last word in the tale of 'La Mère Sauvage' is one of pity for the four honest Germans who were burned up by the terrible old woman, in retaliation for the slaughter by other Germans of her son. His art is more dainty than that of any of his forerunners. He observes, but he does not handle, the grossnesses of country life. He paints dirty peasants with a clean brush. He is more at home, indeed, in depicting the elegant life of to-day, showing an incomparable talent for seizing its realities and ignoring the shams which are all that the ordinary writer can see. How neatly he brings out the cultivated love of savagery in his Corsican tale of 'Happiness.' He has that simplicity which is not rudeness; the gift to stop when just enough has been spoken. How cleverly the tale of 'The Necklace' is strung together, shutting with a snap at the very last word. How delicately spun are the old priest's sensations, doubts and questionings, in 'Moonlight.' Mr. Sturges's translation is a very careful, and occasionally a happy one; but, at times, a too literal rendering seems a little awkward. The material aspect of the book shows that intelligent care has been bestowed upon it. Its margins have not been left entirely to the paper-cutter nor its blanks to the compositor's frame. It has a very pretty cover in dark blue and silver, and a rubricated title, and, altogether, it is one more example of the truth, recently rediscovered by printers and publishers, that a book need not be illustrated to be tasteful and artistic. (\$1. Harper & Bros.)

'LITERARY GEMS' is a series of little volumes, several of which at a time can be carried in the pocket. It already includes Goldsmith's 'Good-Natured Man,' Dr. John Brown's 'Rab and His Friends' and 'Marjorie Fleming,' Poe's 'Gold-Bug,' Drake's 'Culprit Fay,' Curtis's 'Our Best Society,' and Matthew Arnold's 'Sweetness and Light.' Each volume has a tiny etching or photograph for frontispiece, and all are put up in wrappers and boxes like so many samples of 'first-chop' Japanese teas. The portrait of Mr. Curtis taken in the act of dragging his chair to the fire after dinner, which is the frontispiece to 'Our Best Society,' is charmingly like the original, and might suggest another subject for meditation to Paul Potiphar, Esq., whose remarks on his palatial mansion eke out the volume. The Ouphe, in his mussel-shell boat, which W. de Meza has drawn for 'The Culprit Fay,' is a very jolly little imp, and the small nymphs who are paddling about him in the stormy waves of the Hudson are almost as pretty as he. It is to be hoped that, both in selection and illustration, future numbers of the series will keep up to the standard of this first half-dozen. (75 cts. each. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

TWO NEW VOLUMES of the attractive Temple Library have appeared, containing 'Select Essays of Dr. Johnson' from *The Rambler*, *The Idler* and *The Adventurer*. Like the other volumes of the series they are beautifully printed in a type which, though small, is remarkably readable, and they are ornamented with etchings, by Railton and others, of the localities mentioned in the text—Temple Bar and Fleet Street, the Hall of Staple Inn, Litchfield Cathedral, and the corridor of the old 'Cheshire Cheese' Inn. The editor is the well-known Johnson authority, Dr. George Birkbeck Hill. The ordinary edition, on specially made paper, is limited to 1250 copies, in addition to which there is a large-paper edition of 250 copies. A copy of the former lies before us. (\$3.50. Macmillan & Co.)—IN A PALE greenish-blue binding, with a broad gold band spanning its waist, 'Notre Dame de Paris' appears yet again, its two volumes comprised in one, as in last year's issue at about this season. The text—in English—is printed on heavy enough paper, and yet the book is of an easily managed size, notwithstanding its more than 750 pages. The translation is by A. L. Alger, and the illustrations—somewhat shadowy in outline—are reproduced by a photographic process from the clever sketches of Bieler, Rossi and De Myrbach. Hugo's preparatory note of 1831 and supplementary note of '32 are printed, one at the beginning, the other at the end of the book. The typography of this edition of the classic is excellent. (\$3. Estes & Lauriat.)

A HANDSOME edition of Dumas's great romance, 'The Count of Monte Cristo,' in English, has long been a desideratum. One has just appeared, in four handy volumes in tooled cloth binding, with Edmund H. Garrett's really artistic illustrations (two in each volume), well-printed on plate-paper. And, as if this were not enough to be grateful for, the publishers, who issue other of the romances of Dumas in handsome shape, assure us that in the translation which they offer the omissions of former ones have been supplied; expansions have been reduced to the author's own crisp form of statement; and erroneous renderings of words and phrases have been corrected. A better edition, in all respects, need not be

* Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians. By Reuben Davis. \$3. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

looked for. (\$6. Little, Brown & Co.)—IN LETTERS ragged as seaweed and with pictures of breakers and mists and lighthouses and ships, Elizabeth N. Little has gathered together a number of verses and sayings about the sea from Longfellow, Spurgeon, Lucy Larcom, M. D. Brine and others. They are printed on oblong pages, sketch-book fashion, under the title "Off the Weather Bow," on *Life's Voyage*. A schooner anchored in a snowstorm and 'The Lobsterman's Home' are among the best of the drawings. (\$2.50. White & Allen.)—'EASTER SUNRISE,' a hymn by Mary Ashley Townsend, is made the subject of several bayou and Southern river-scenes by A. Molinary; and these, with a church interior or so, have been reproduced by some photographic process with a liberal expenditure of plate-paper and printer's ink. It is not a very hopeful specimen of Southern art-work. (W. E. Seebold, New Orleans.)

THE 'ROMANCE OF MONTE BENI' that Hawthorne spun about Praxiteles's Marble Faun, with its wealth of description and of not always sound art-criticism, has, no doubt, often seemed to call for such illustration as it has got in the two scarlet and white bound volumes in which it now issues from the Riverside Press. The statue itself, and the other relics of ancient art alluded to in the book—the Belvidere Apollo, the Medici Venus, the Laocoön group, etc.; views in Rome, Perugia and Florence; pictures of Titian, Raphael and Guido have been reproduced in photogravure for these two volumes. They are numerous, well-printed and well-selected, yet we fear they give the book somewhat the aspect of a guide-book. The artist's touch is felt to be wanting especially in the illustrations of a book like this, whose charm depends so much, after all, on the artistic faculty of its author. Still, as we have hinted, the work has cried out to be done, and now it is done—so well, that no one will be tempted to try it over again. (\$6. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Books for the Young

'THOMAS NAST'S CHRISTMAS DRAWINGS for the Human Race' is very aptly named. It is not a book for any one class, but for all mankind. There is the touch of nature here that makes the whole world kin, that touch being anything but a note of refinement, we take it, though we may not go so far as Mr. Whistler in his 'Ten o'Clock,' and declare it to be sheer 'vulgarity.' There is a great deal of humanity in these sketches of Santa Claus and his worshippers, even if the element of gentility be plentifully lacking. Mr. Nast is enough of a German to appreciate the material side of the great feast-day, and his pencil sets forth that side of it more happily than the other. (\$2. Harper & Bros.)—'OUR BABY'S BOOK' is about a foot square; its leaves are bound together with a ribbon at the top, and among the tinted illustrations and decorative legends are blank spaces wherein may be recorded the little one's birthday, its weight at various early ages, and the date when its first tooth made its way through the tender coral gum, with other matters of thrilling moment in the period of progress from cradle to hobby-horse. (Lee & Shepard.)

'WITHIN THE ENEMY'S LINES' is the second volume of 'Oliver Optics's' Blue and Grey Series. Its hero, who is first introduced to us as Midshipman Christy Passford of the United States Navy, has a cousin, Corry Passford, in the Confederate service, and as the two are very like, and not averse, either of them, to personating the other when a vessel is to be 'cut out' or a promising stratagem nipped in the bud, the complications that arise are very complicated and the surprises extremely surprising. There is a Confederate Captain Carboneer, who has just the proper dash of devilry in his composition; but in this as in all other respects, the honors are very evenly divided, and the readers of 'Within the Enemy's Lines' will be quite ready to learn more of both enemies and friends in the forthcoming volume, which is to be entitled 'On the Blockade.' (\$1.50. Lee & Shepard.)—AN UNUSUALLY GOOD story of war times is 'Jed: A Boy's Adventures in the Army of '61-'65,' by Warren Lee Goss. The proportion of fiction in it seems to be small; and the more exciting adventures, especially in the escape of the hero and his friends from Andersonville, and their voyage down the Appalachicola river, as narrated, bear the impress of truth. The illustrations are considerably better than are commonly to be met with in boys' books of the sort. (\$1.50. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

'CAPTAIN POLLY' is a young lady of inclusive sympathies and a turn for speculation and adventure, which bring her acquainted with 'town's poor' and independent poor folk, and a young English lord who fits in neither of these categories; but that of Polly's friends includes them all. Polly's ability to make chocolate creams, to demonstrate that 'a ghost' is only another name for a white

lilac bush, to hop from hillock to hillock across a marsh, to fit up an old wreck in which to carry on the candy trade, and to unearth and bring to nought the wicked conspiracy of a terrible secret society is very entertainingly discovered by Sophie Swett, whose story provides occasion for some clever illustrations by Rosina Emmet Sherwood. (\$1. Harper & Bros.)—IN 'THE LITTLE WRINKLED OLD MAN,' Elizabeth A. Thurston presents us with modern variations on antique fairy-tales, with slices of poetry sandwiched between. The 'Little Old Man' puts a new face on the tale of the 'Three Black Puddings'; for, instead of getting a savory appendage fastened on to her nose, the good housewife, in Mrs. Thurston's version, merely has to feed her pigs all day from an inexhaustible pail of potato-peelings, coffee-grounds, pea-pods and sour milk, when she had confidently reckoned on the multiplication, all day long, of her silver-ware and silk dresses. (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.)

A BOOK TO MAKE the heart of every child dance with delight is 'Grandma's Rhymes and Chimes for Children.' It is profusely and admirably illustrated by Church, Harper, Jerome, McDermott and others, and the pictures are the best of their kind; while the text is supplied by various persons whose names for the most part are familiar and favorably known as writers for little folks. We recall no illustrated book of miscellaneous verse for children that surpasses this either in general appearance or in the quality of its contents, literary and pictorial. Santa Claus will do wisely to remember it when he goes shopping the day before Christmas. (\$1.50. Roberts Bros.)

IN THIS YEAR'S 'Kate Greenaway's Almanack,' the months, symbolized by Kate Greenaway children, are sliding on the ice, lying under rose-bushes, raking hay, bringing home ferns for litter, all in bright colors on backgrounds of Pompeian black. It is neat, quaint and attractive as of yore. (50 cts. Geo. Routledge & Sons.)—'THE LITTLE People's Calendar' has pictures in colors of tobogganing, skating, flower-gathering, bathing, Fourth of July fireworks, Thanksgiving turkey, and other national sports and observances. Each has some little rhyme or jingle explanatory. (50 cts. White & Allen.)—THE FLAXEN-HAIRED 'Cinderella,' in white smock and blue petticoat, with one glass slipper on a stockingless foot, is shelling peas by the hearth on the cover of the latest illustrated edition of the well-worn fairy tale. There are nine other colored designs, and a number of vignettes in black and grey. (\$1.50. White & Allen.)

'CAPTAIN,' by Mme. de Nanteuil, translated by Laura Ensor, is a story of a dog's adventures on shipboard and ashore. Captain covers himself with glory in many seas and on many strands, and to follow his history understandingly will require close study of the map of the world. From Hong Kong and Yokohama, Etretat and the Red Sea come reports of his bravery and sagacity. He goes through a cyclone in the Gulf of Aden, takes part in the blockade of Formosa, cruises for pirates in the Chinese Sea, and obtains a medal for distinguished service. Myrbach's illustrations are very good. (\$2. Geo. Routledge & Sons.)—'ROLF AND HIS FRIENDS' (by the author of 'Birchwood') colored and white, boys and girls, rich and poor, have a good time getting acquainted, taking carriage-rides, exploring bears' dens and experiencing life boy and girl fashion. There are a few illustrations in pen and ink. (\$1.50. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—'THE ADVENTURES of Little Baron Trump and His Wonderful Dog Bulger' stands a good chance of carrying off the palm of mendacity from the 'Adventures of Baron Munchausen.' Little Baron Trump visits the Land of the Melodious Sneezers, the Land of the Wind-Eaters, the Land of the Man-Hoppers, and other strange realms in which he and his dog conduct themselves with great sagacity and courage. Themselves and the eminent persons they met are portrayed by Geo. Wharton Edwards and immortalized in prose by Ingersoll Lockwood. (\$2. Lee & Shepard.)

'BABYLAND' for 1889 appears in a very gay and blossomy cover, and with a full-page colored frontispiece in agreeable tones. All through its hundred pages, letter-press and pictures contend for supremacy. Now there is a narrow rivulet of text running down between broad banks of pictorial comment; now a page is divided evenly between the two; then again the printed word excludes the illustration, and on the following page there is nothing but a line of legend beneath a large engraving. And so the battle of the types and cuts runs on, till Baby would be puzzled to say which has won the day. Nor does he much care, since both the contestants fight only for his profit and delight. (75 cts. D. Lothrop Co.)—LITTLE ONES ANNUAL is as gayly garmented as *Babyland*, and the stories and poems with which its near 400 pages teem, are en-

livened with a host of pictures—an average of almost one to every page. No less care has been taken in the preparation and printing of the illustrations than in the choice of reading-matter; and the two usually harmonize better than in the case of Sing Fan, 'the China wash-man,' who is described, in not very amusing verses, as a tall man and a big-footed, but is pictured as of medium height and normal development as to the feet. It will take a child a long while to exhaust the treasures of song and story hoarded up in this annual. (\$1.75. Estes & Lauriat.)—CHATTERBOX overflows with pictures, the frontispiece, in colors, showing 'My Big Brother'—big only by comparison with 'my' own littleness—clad in a scarlet and white coat, his head surmounted by a huge bear-skin hat, beating a blue and gold drum, very much to 'my' delight. *Chatterbox* has a host of loyal admirers, but for our own part we prefer the *Little Ones Annual*, even though it costs a trifle more. (\$1.25. Estes & Lauriat.)

'THE WOOING of Grandmother Grey' is one of those oblong Christmas books, made to go in a box and to be filled with drawings which, usually, would not be the worse for the compression that they might suffer in an ordinary form. Those in the present volume, however, by Mr. Charles Copeland, are worthy of the space that is given to them. The young people courting as the 'old man' steals in on them, the visit to the cider-cask in the cellar; and the corn-popping picture are particularly good. The poem is by Kate Tannatt Woods. (\$2. Lee & Shepard.)—AN 'AUTHORS' CALENDAR' for 1890 has been compiled by Alice F. Stevens, with extracts, more or less suited to the works and days of every month, from Hawthorne, Browning, Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell and other poets. It is neatly printed in green on heavy white paper, and adorned with symbolic floral borders. (\$1. Greenough, Hopkins & Cushing, Boston.)

'THE PRINCESS LILIWINKINS,' who was taken from her pet fawn and her strolls in the royal blackberry fields to rule over her native land, is happy in her historian, Henrietta Christian Wright, and in her portraitist in ordinary who signs himself H. F. E. Nor is she less lucky in being so bound up as she is with 'Prince Toto,' 'The Giant with the Baby Heart' and with stories of 'Golden Dew-Drops,' 'The Happy Country' and 'The Dismal Land.' 'Queen Termagant and King Curmudgeon' are in themselves quite unworthy of her company; but if there are not some disagreeable folk in a book, people may imagine that it is not all true. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)—THE WALKS ABROAD of Two Young Naturalists, Leon and René, take them to the sea-side, to the menagerie and the aviary in the park, and, on their return home, they have material to work over in their laboratory or memories to systematize and fix by reference to the books in their library. Their experiences in this way have led to the publication of a handsome volume, illustrated with excellent cuts of the animals high and low that they have become interested in, and which may lead other boys to study animal-plants and butterfly-scales, the dairy-farms in an ant-hill and the republic of the bees, to say nothing of lions and tigers, eagles and pelicans. The book is from the French of Charles Beaugrand by David Sharp. (\$2. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

Magazine Notes

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF is analyzed once more, this time by Sophia Kirk, in the November *Ailantic*. The little girl putting her childish intensities into written words instead of sobs and grimaces, the Russian-Parisienne of twenty-three describing her own and her admirer's last illnesses as a finish for her book, is here set clearly before us. 'If Marie goes a little way into the future, it will be as a very human, breathing, and rather breathless creature, charming in her whims, ready with her vote for truth, and living through her very love of life.' A glimpse of quite another sort of artist life, yet not essentially dissimilar, is shown to us in the passages from the journal of R. H. Dana about Washington Allston and his unfinished picture of Belshazzar's Feast, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The notes concerning the state of the picture at Allston's death and the subsequent experiments at cleaning it are important. Mr. Charles H. Moore deplors the lack of 'Materials for Landscape Art in America,' as a man who should starve in the midst of plenty because his favorite dish is not on the table. He recognizes as available 'material' only such landscape as has already been humanized and made picturesque by man, not seeing that it is a privilege for the real artist to be able to do all the humanizing and harmonizing himself. But as regards the sort of scenery he has in mind, the writer's criticisms are mainly just. Our national love for a certain cheap and nasty neatness destroys more landscapes than many railroads; and we seem to be unlearning the art of landscape-gardening, at least when we compare, as Mr. Moore does, the Boston Common with the new Public Gardens of that

city. Hope Natnor serves up old St. Simon, not exactly warmed over, in the first article of a series on 'The Nieces of Mazarin.' 'The Begum's Daughter' and 'The Tragic Muse' are continued. The poetry of the number is confined to 'Anteros' by Edith M. Thomas, and an affecting 'Problem' by Christopher P. Cranch. We hope that the latter may work itself out as the author wishes.

The famous old university of Salamanca, redolent of alchemical decoctions and sulphur-fumes from the bottomless pit in the days when natural science was being nursed by superstition, is shown in its old age in William Henry Bishop's article in the November *Scribner's*. Of the twenty-seven ancient colleges, the greater part have ceased to exist, and their buildings have fallen into decay. In the western quarter of the city is a whole district of ruins dating from the Napoleonic wars. But if some of the old colleges are gone, their scholarships remain; even those of the ancient Colegio de las Doncellas, the Vassar of Columbus's time, are still enjoyed by living Donna Angelas and Donna Louisa's whose names appear with those of the male scholars on the university's books. The article is illustrated with views of fine old Spanish house-fronts and portraits of modern professors and their pupils. Oscar Browning describes Goeth's house at Weimar with cuts of its quaint old front and Italianized interior. Col. H. G. Prout (Baroud Bey) has a long descriptive article on the Egyptian Equatorial Provinces, 'Where Emin Is,' illustrated by engravings of Bari and Madi warriors and women, and views and maps. Josephine Lazarus writes of that singular product of modern conditions, Marie Bashkirtseff, and touches the truth, about the stir which she has made, at the end of her article; while Andrew Lang, suffering from a mild attack of *ennui*, puts forth 'An Aspiration' toward the monkey state.

The Lounger

'THOTH' and 'A Dreamer of Dreams' are the titles of two striking novels that have enjoyed great popularity here and in England. The imprint upon the American copies is that of D. Appleton & Co., who publish paper-covered editions of the books. But though the publishers' names are well enough known, the name of the author is 'veiled in mystery'—a material which suits better than any other the purposes of the Claimant. The Claimant is a person who never lets slip an opportunity to proclaim himself the writer of a successful book whose real author chooses to remain unknown. It is not always the same person; but there is always *some* one who puts in a claim of authorship whenever an anonymous book strikes the popular taste; and sometimes, as in the case of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' a claim is made to all that is worth having even in a story whose author is so well-known as Mrs. Burnett.

THE SUCCESS of 'Thoth' and 'A Dreamer' has been quite sufficient to arouse the cupidity of the Claimant, and he has appeared this time in the person of Gerald L. Marston Pogue—a charming name, that sweetly rhymes with rogue. Mr. Pogue hails from the little village of Little Britain, Ontario; and Canada, as represented by the Lindsay *Watchman*, lost no time in proclaiming that Literature had at last made its home in the Dominion. 'That the young lad should have been born and brought up in this country and attended our schools,' the *Watchman* proudly exclaimed, 'makes the wonderful genius which he has shown an intensely interesting fact to the people of this community.' Hitherto 'the young lad' had blushed unheeded and unseen—that is, if he had blushed at all, a fact which we are disposed to doubt. 'We are not aware of the remarkable genius of young Pogue having attracted the notice of any one here in particular, and of not even his teachers.' This only shows the obtuseness of one's teachers and friends. But there are doubting Thomases everywhere—even in Arcadia; and the Toronto *Mail*, finding that 'young Pogue' must have written his two novels at about thirteen, was filled with unbelief. Its incredulity was confirmed, moreover, by Messrs. Blackwood in England and Appleton in the United States; but 'young Pogue,' returning from South America in September, reiterates his claim. And as between a Pogue and a publisher, who can hesitate where to pin his faith?

The *Daily Register* of Des Moines, Iowa, is printing a series of articles, over the signature of the Hon. A. R. Fulton of that city, on the Aldrich Collection of manuscripts, autograph letters, photographs, engraved portraits, etc. The readers of THE CRITIC are passably familiar with the contents of this valuable department of the Iowa State Library, for which his fellow citizens are indebted to the public spirit of Mr. Charles Aldrich, late editor of the Webster City *Freeman*. The collection is a large, as well as a precious one, and having outgrown the three cases, containing 576 glazed drawers, in which it is enclosed, a fourth case is to be provided

this year. Mr. Aldrich, in a recent note acknowledging a paragraph in this column describing a budget of autograph letters, etc., kindly sent to him by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, remarks: 'You have made my collection as well known in the East and in England as it is here in our own State.'

I AM appalled by the possibilities of a recent invention. A Brooklyn man, named—and well-named—Trapp, has patented an invention consisting of tubes, prisms, lenses, reflectors and magnifying-glasses, by which one may see a long distance, not only in a straight line, but even around a corner. It is an eye-telephone, so to speak. A man has but to put his eye to the tube, ring up 'Central,' and have himself attached to any place he wants to peep into, and, lo and behold! it is laid bare before him. For instance, a banker tossing on his bed, attributes his restlessness, not to a late dinner or a pricking conscience, but to some mischief brewing at his office. He gets his eye down to the tube, his office is 'turned on,' and, sure enough, there kneels a burglar picking the safe. With one eye on the tube and one hand on the messenger call, a boy is summoned and the police notified. All the time the banker has had his eye on the burglar; he knows just how he looks and just how he is progressing in his nefarious work; and he doesn't turn away until he sees the police enter the office and nab their man red-handed. There is no end to the uses to which this new contrivance may be put, but I fear that the world will be none the happier for its invention.

MR. STEDMAN disclaims having recommended the manuscript of 'Looking Backward' to Mr. Ticknor, who previously had issued Edward Bellamy's successful and striking novel, 'Miss Ludington's Sister.' He owns, however, to having been one of the first to call attention to the now famous 'Nationalist' romance, and to predict confidently a remarkable career for it.

'C. M. S.' of Brooklyn sends me this little budget of notes:—Mr. George M. Williamson, a Brooklyn bibliophile, has just come into possession of what is undoubtedly the most important collection of Hawthorne books and letters in existence. The books alone fill a case of goodly size, and include not only first editions and English reprints, but foreign translations, bound volumes of magazines that Hawthorne edited or wrote for, and biographies and critical essays. There is one of the large copies of 'The Gentle Boy,' with a frontispiece by Sophia Peabody (afterward Mrs. Hawthorne); one of the four 'Fanshaws' that remain of the first edition of the novel, its author, after printing it at his own expense, having recalled and destroyed all copies that could be obtained; and one of the very scarce prints of 'The Celestial Railroad,' published in Philadelphia as a tract, with ludicrous lithograph illustrations. In the old journals and magazines are many articles that bear the pen-marks of the great writer, and here and there one comes upon ideas that were amplified in his stories in after years. A number of portraits on wood, steel, copper and in photograph are included in the collection, among the photographs being one of *carte de visite* size, with Ticknor, Fields, and Hawthorne posed in a group, attired in the graceless fashion of thirty years ago, and wearing the stiffest of collars and tallest of chimney-pot hats. The letters include notes to Hawthorne as well as from him, and reveal him in the pleasant aspect of a faithful friend and watchful benefactor; while personal traits are occasionally disclosed in them, as in a letter to one of his acquaintances in Salem, whom he begs to do a little shopping in his behalf, and to buy 250 cigars, 'a year's supply,' some pale brandy, and a pair of No. 9 boots. This collection is the result of a search for Hawthorne books, pictures and manuscripts that was prosecuted for fifteen years or more by Mr. John Pierce, of Brooklyn, who is related by marriage to the Hawthorne family.

'MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY,' 'C. M. S.' continues, 'before sailing to Europe passed an evening in examining this collection, and identified several of the novelist's sketches in the magazines. He is writing a book on Hawthorne which he will finish in Italy,—where he proposes to remain for a year,—and which will bear the imprint of a publishing-house in Edinburgh. Mr. Conway tells a story that offers a new illustration of Hawthorne's shyness and dread of being lionized: He and Hawthorne were visiting Mr. Fields, the publisher, and the hostess had announced a dinner in honor of the novelist. On the evening of this function, all the guests assembled except Hawthorne, who had gone out during the afternoon. After waiting until the appetites of the company were pretty sharp set, dinner was served without him. At about the time that dessert was brought on, steps were heard in the hall and a door closed overhead; whereupon Mr. Conway sprang up with the remark, "There he is now; I'll bring him down." On entering the bedroom that had been placed at Hawthorne's disposal, he found the novelist

seated in an easy chair with slippers on and a book of ghost-stories in his hand. Greeting his friend with cheerfulness, he begged him to be seated for a moment while he read one of these stories aloud, and called attention to some of its dramatic features. Mr. Conway fidgeted during the reading, and at the end of it began to urge him to go down and show himself, as the dinner was probably over. "Ah," said Hawthorne, "here is a better one; I should have read this first. Just listen." So the messenger listened to that, and afterward to another, and by the time that this literary entertainment was concluded, the guests were going home—disappointed, in spite of the fact that their stomachs had been comforted.

'PATIENCE STAPLETON,' my correspondent concludes, 'who is visiting New York, is going to try her fortune with a play. Mrs. Stapleton "does the theatres" for the *Denver Republican*, has a sister on the stage, and holds the prevalent but remunerative horse-play comedy in contempt.'

A MODEST, shy, retiring sort of gentleman, with whose name I am wholly unfamiliar, has possessed himself of a sheet of Union League Club note-paper, and addressed to a man-of-letters of my acquaintance this gentle appeal:—'MY DEAR SIR: I am making a collection of autographs, and would like very much to have one from you, relating some incident or something personal, to add to it, and greatly oblige, yours very truly. — — —' The grammatical construction of this sentence is not creditable to the writer; and the construction my friend puts upon this letter from his 'very truly' is even less so. He thinks the fellow is trying to procure 'copy' without offering a *quid pro quo*; and being a shrewd man of business as well as a clever writer, he does not propose to put his diffident correspondent under obligations that are never to be met.

Boston Letter

Now that Dr. Bartol's society have accepted his resignation, there is a good deal of regret at the result, as it is felt that with him will close the distinction and probably the existence of the old West Church. He has been a minister of that church for fifty-two years, during twenty-four of which he was a colleague of the sainted father of James Russell Lowell. From the days of Jonathan Mayhew, the famous divine of the last century, the pulpit of the West Church has had no more gifted occupant than Dr. Bartol. Indeed, in his union of spiritual insight with ethical power and poetic fervor, no Boston clergyman of this generation has equalled him. On the great moral and political reforms of the day his voice sounded as clear as a clarion. In his high pulpit he seemed like a prophet or a seer, applying with the ardor of a fervid imagination the great truths of religion to the evils which had become entrenched in fashionable churches as well as in the temples of Mammon. He preached ethics rather than theology, and these he enforced with a devotion to the ideal that lifted his audience into the higher life alike in imagination and conduct, while the unsought graces of his style charmed the scholars and critics who adorned his congregation. A tender humanity inspired his sermons and other writings that have become a part of our literature.

Dr. Bartol has long been a familiar figure in our streets; his cheery face with its frame of snowy hair is one of the sights of Boston, and until the past year he could be seen striding along with a vigor remarkable in a man who had reached three-quarters of a century of life. With his soft felt hat and his long cloak, over which his white locks float, his is a picturesque individuality. He lives in a modest house in Chestnut Street, within easy reach of the Charles River with its salty savor, and in the pure air and pleasant social atmosphere of Beacon Hill.

His fondness for the sea makes Dr. Bartol enjoy with peculiar zest his summer home at Manchester, where his sagacious investments have brought him handsome returns. His house has a superb view of the crags, islands and beaches of the ocean-girded coast, and near it is a high tower at the top of which is his hot-weather study. Here he can protect himself from intrusion by drawing up a ladder, the only means of communication with the platform and steps below. On the summit of this tower, around which the sea-gulls scream, the good Doctor is as near heaven as he is likely to get in this world. May it be long before his genial aountenance ceases to beam upon his friends and the last tribute of affection and respect is paid to his memory.

A new poem from Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is something that his publishers must take pleasure in setting out in fitting dress, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in announcing that 'Wyndham Towers,' which they will publish on Nov. 16, is carefully printed and bound in an unusual and tasteful style, show an appreciation of the popular desire that the mechanical execution of a book should be in keep-

ing with its literary quality. The fact that 'Wyndham Towers' is the longest and most important poem Mr. Aldrich has written gives to it a peculiar interest, and the scenes amid which it is laid are such as are fitted to bring out his imaginative powers and his capacity for dealing with the picturesque elements in individual and natural life. In selecting the Elizabethan period he has shown his appreciation of its superior advantages for a strong narrative poem, and as this deals with the history of a manor-house in which a tragedy has occurred, he has improved the opportunity by giving incidentally vivid and carefully studied pictures of the interior, the life and customs of such an establishment in the time of Elizabeth. The gossip of servants and lackeys helps to set off the graver elements of interest in the poem, which is in blank-verse.

A volume of poems by the late Edward Rowland Sill is to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. on Saturday. It is marked by the same qualities that characterize the previous volume—versatility, strong and tender sympathy, keen insight, and stimulating suggestiveness. The author's death about two years ago, while in the ripening vigor of his powers, lends a peculiar interest to this volume, the title of which is 'The Hermitage, and Other Poems.' On the same day will be published 'The Continuous Creation,' by Rev. Myson Adams of Rochester, N. Y., an application of the evolutionary philosophy to the Christian religion. It is conceived in a broad and liberal spirit. The volume of 'Essays on the Constitutional History of the United States in the Formative Period, 1775-89,' edited by J. Franklin Jameson, Mrs. Jane G. Austin's 'Standish,' and Kate Douglas Wiggin's 'Summer in a Cañon,' will also be published on Saturday.

'A Lily Among Thorns,' the Rev. Dr. Wm. Elliot Griffis's scholarly book on the Song of Solomon, is to be published on Nov. 16. The literary and aesthetic features of the poem, which is given in a fresh translation, are presented with appropriate comments and interpretations. Sarah Orne Jewett's 'Betty Leicester,' the story of a girl of fifteen that brings to view scenes and characters abroad as well as at home in the author's most attractive manner, and Prof. George Prentice's 'Wilbur Fisk,' the second volume of American Religious Leaders, will also be brought out on the same date by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

I hear that two of Lee & Shepard's finely illustrated books lately published are having large sales. These are Col. Higginson's 'In a Far Country,' which Irene E. Jerome has beautified with her sketches, and Kate Tannatt Wood's 'The Wooing of Grandmother Grey.' 'Little Baron Trump and His Wonderful Dog Bulger,' with its queer adventures and quaint comicalities, is also in great demand.

Considerable interest has been taken here in Boston in 'The Aspen Shade,' a romance lately published by De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., the youth of the author taken in connection with the talent displayed in her book affording bright promise for the future. Miss Mabel Fuller is the daughter of the President of the Boston Marine Insurance Company, and is in her twenty-first year. She was born in Bangor and graduated at seventeen from the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Providence, where Miss Guiney also was educated, and wrote this story a year later. Though the plot is of the simplest, there is a good deal of skill in characterization, the dialogue is quite bright, and the style easy and graceful. Miss Fuller is said to be very clever with her pencil as well as with her pen.

I hear that Gen. Edward McCrady of Charleston is engaged upon 'South Carolina' for the American Commonwealths Series.

'Looking Backward' is pushing forward with phenomenal rapidity, the sales reaching about 1500 copies a day. They now aggregate 170,000.

BOSTON, Nov. 4, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

Browning Revisions

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In your review of the recent English edition of the collected writings of Robert Browning, you speak of the revision which the author has made of 'Pauline,' and add: 'It is our impression that no other collection of Browning's Works contains these late amendments.' As a matter of fact, 'Pauline' is given in our Riverside Edition of Browning's Works both in its second form—that is, the form in which Mr. Browning printed it as an acknowledged poem—and in its final form, as revised by him for the recent English edition. As the authorized American publishers of Mr. Browning's Works, we have felt bound to give American readers the form approved by the author. We, or the house to whose business we succeeded, have issued from time to time, by arrangement with Mr. Browning or his representatives, his successive volumes of poetry. These volumes became at last so many and so varied in form that we published, as you know, the Riverside Edi-

tion, in six volumes, from new electrotype plates. We took this opportunity to make the poems agree with the latest English edition then issued. After the appearance of our Riverside Edition, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., the English publishers of Mr. Browning's Works, brought out a new edition, in sixteen volumes, and the New York branch of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. acted as American agents for the same. This edition contains a fresh revision by Mr. Browning, and we have at once corrected our plates to agree with it, so that our Riverside Edition continues to record the author's latest revision. The changes made in 'Pauline' were so considerable, however, that we deemed it of interest to students to give them, for the sake of comparison, both forms of the poem.

BOSTON, Nov. 4, 1889.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

Booth and Modjeska

NOBODY who is capable of appreciating and enjoying high art in acting ought to miss the present opportunity of seeing Edwin Booth and Helena Modjeska in 'Hamlet' at the Broadway Theatre. Mr. Booth's impersonation of the melancholy Prince has stood without a rival for a quarter of a century, and there is nothing new to be said of it either in the way of praise or analysis. Modjeska's Ophelia was first revealed in this city on the memorable night of the Wallack benefit, and was recognized at once, in this journal and the critical press generally, as a dramatic gem of the rarest brilliancy. It will never be seen again, probably, in a setting so rich and appropriate as was provided for it upon that extraordinary occasion, but it is independent of all reflected lustre, and would give positive value even to the shabbiest representation of the tragedy. It has been criticised in certain quarters on account of the foreign accent in its speech and its indications of mature womanhood. The accent must be admitted, but it is a blemish so slight that it is scarcely worth while to make excuses for it, while the maturity is manifested only in the perfection of its art. The youthfulness of its spirit and manner is one of its most striking characteristics. In the earlier scenes it presents a most charming picture of fresh, innocent, loving, tender and trustful maidenhood, and the change wrought by the pangs of despised love is denoted with unerring skill and most exquisite pathos. No actress of this time has succeeded in giving such ardent expression to the love of Ophelia for the Prince, and it is this that lends such poignant significance to that wonderful interview between them, and to the mad scene, which Modjeska plays with marvellous insight and delicacy. There have been great Hamlets and great Ophelias before now, but no such representatives of the characters as Booth and Modjeska have been seen together since the days of Fechter and Kate Terry.

"Aunt Jack"

'AUNT JACK,' with which Mr. A. M. Palmer has elected to open the regular season of the Madison Square Theatre, is a farce in three acts, which has no other mission than to amuse. The heroine is a maiden lady of uncertain age, self-reliant, shrewd, genial and imperious, who, after denouncing the folly of matrimony in others, is finally entangled in a love-affair herself, only to be jilted by a speculator for a richer woman. She at once institutes a suit for breach of promise, which she proposes to conduct herself, although she retains her nephew as a sort of junior counsel in the case. The nephew has contracted a marriage which he wishes to keep secret from his formidable relative, and has recourse to various subterfuges which result in a number of feminine complications of the usual kind. His aunt meanwhile makes love to his friend, a middle-aged lawyer, and accepts a proposal from him, in utter ignorance of the fact that he is counsel for the very man whom she is suing. It is easy to see the nature of the fun to be made out of all these cross-purposes. The culmination comes when all the personages confront each other in court, where Aunt Jack asserts herself with great vigor, brow-beating the lawyers, bullying the witnesses, making a dead set at the judge and jury, and finally singing a comic song. The piece is utter nonsense, but perfectly clean and undeniably amusing. Miss Booth plays Aunt Jack with great dash and humor; Mr. Holland is excellent as the dry and nervous old lawyer who falls a victim to her blandishments; Mr. Stoddart is excellent as a comically choleric judge, and Mr. Massen, Mr. Bell, Mr. Robinson and Miss Maud Harrison all help to keep the fun going. The performance is a remarkable achievement for a company which was playing 'Jim the Penman' only a little while ago.

Mr. Lang's Blue Fairy-Book

THE large-paper and limited edition of Mr. Lang's 'Blue Fairy-Book,' that most delightful collection of the standard fairy-tales, set down soberly and with a fine literary feeling, contains also an essay on the origin and relations of the nursery myths, not to be found in

the ordinary copies of the book as published by Longmans, Green & Co. And in this limited edition Mr. Lang has also inserted this bright little poem, appending it to the dedication to Elspeth Angela Campbell:

Too late they come, too late for you,
These old friends that are ever new,
Enchanted in our volume blue,
For you are now have wandered o'er
A world of tales untold of yore,
And learned the later fairy-lore!
Nay, as within her briery brake
The Sleeping Beauty did awake,
Old tales may rouse them for your sake,
And you once more may voyage through
The forests that of old we knew,
The fairy forests deep in dew,
Where you, resuming childish things,
Shall listen when the Blue Bird sings,
And sit at feast with fairy Kings,
And taste their wine, ere all be done,
And face more welcome shall be none
Among the guests of Oberon.
Ay, of that feast shall tales be told,
The marvels of that world of gold,
To children young, when you are old.
When you are old! Ah, dateless 'when,'
For youth shall perish among men,
And Spring herself be ancient then!

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

MR. PLATT'S etchings, now on exhibition at Wunderlich's, are remarkable for variety and frankness of expression. The artist does not exercise his ingenuity in selecting subjects to display the various technical methods which he has mastered, but rather to apply these naturally and unaffectedly, as the case may demand. Consequently, his work seldom looks forced. We gain the impression that what he shows us was really present in the scene, not that he performed the vulgar miracle of making something out of nothing. 'Bass River, Cape Cod,' a sketch, full of light, of pollard willows, water, and vessels under sail; 'Under the Pont Marie, Paris,' with treacherous contrasts of black shadow and bright water; 'A Brittany Landscape,' a rugged hillside with cottages and apple-trees at top and white cumulus clouds coming up from behind them; a 'Canal at Chartres' running in cool, green shade between old houses and gardens; picturesque bits in many foreign towns and about the decaying wharves of Maine and Massachusetts seaports, show that the artist is capable of treating a wide range of subjects appropriately and with feeling. The exhibition will be open during November.

Messrs. Cottier & Co. exhibit four decorative paintings, six feet by four in size, painted by Delacroix. The subjects are 'Diana Surprised by Actæon; or, Summer,' 'Bacchus Finding Ariadne; or, Autumn,' 'Juno Beseeching Æolus; or, Winter,' and 'Eurydice Gathering Flowers; or, Springtime.'

The Academy of Design announces that in addition to the awards named in the school circular, there will be this season a prize of \$500 to defray the cost of the residence and study of a student abroad.

At the Metropolitan Museum, which was opened last Monday for the winter, the Willard collection of architectural casts is now to be seen.

Mr. Maxwell Sommerville of Philadelphia, having just returned from abroad, has added to his collection of gems in the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park a cameo of Jupiter Ægiocbus, preserved from the first century. The treasure cost him, it is said, over \$50,000, and its purchase caused much chagrin to the French Government, which desired it for the Louvre. To a representative of the *Tribune*, Dr. Hall, Curator of the Museum, thus described the gem:

It is a cameo of chrysoprase of India. It was first made known to the learned world in 1887, through the *Gazette Archéologique*, though nearly a century ago it formed part of a famous English collection. The subject is Jupiter Ægiocbus, wearing the Dodonean oak-leaf wreath—a treatment so rare that only one other representation of it is known in art, and only two Homeric lines authenticate the joining of the attributes together. For size, vigor of treatment, rarity of subject, proof of the identity of the stone as to material and place of origin by its precious maculations, as well as for the high estimate put upon the immense gem by savants and glyptologists, and fame in the learned journals, this gem has no peer.

—The posthumous exhibition of Barye's works, held in Paris in 1875, included only such examples as were owned by his family. Many of these have since come to America; and, although the catalogue of fourteen years ago contained 349 bronzes and plaster, 93 oil-paintings, 70 water-colors, and 138 drawings and sketches, it is thought that, so far as the bronzes, and possibly the water-colors, are concerned, the coming exhibition will be a better one. It is possible that the display of Millets will excel any that could be made in Paris. The exhibition will open at the American Art Galleries about the middle of this month.

—Gaston Calmette, writing in the *Paris Figaro*—a paper in whose columns the painter of 'The Angelus' was championed years ago by Albert Wolff, at a time when his work was little appreciated—denies that Millet's closing years were embittered by poverty. Nearly twenty years before he died (in 1875), he became assured of a market for everything that bore his name, at prices ranging from \$300 to \$800, and he was an industrious producer. For decorating the Hôtel Thomas he received \$3200, and for the panels of 'The Four Seasons' in a house in the Boulevard Haussmann, the same. The sale organized after his death for the benefit of his widow brought in \$86,210, and besides the income from this source she had a small pension from the State. Several of her daughters have made excellent matches from a worldly point of view, and her sons are well able to take care of themselves. M. Calmette sheds no tears over the destruction of the Millet house at Barbizon, as Mme. Millet might easily have prevented it had she cared to pay the high purchase price asked by the Sensier estate.

Blanco White's "Night and Death"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The genesis of a favorite poem—the circumstances of its first publication, the mutations of its text under the author's hand, etc., are always of interest. Any facts of this kind regarding that great sonnet, 'Night and Death'—the single gem, albeit one of the first water, by which Blanco White will be remembered,—are certainly so. Coleridge called it 'the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in the language,' naming only as rivals certain of Milton's and Wordsworth's sonnets. The early form was quite different from the one which we all have by heart; and there were some peculiar circumstances attending its first publication. There is a letter from Coleridge to its author which disavows with astonishment and concern the charge of having unauthorizedly published a sonnet of White's—which can, of course, refer to no other than this. Respecting this complaint Mr. David M. Main, in the very careful and valuable notes of his 'Treasury of English Sonnets,' says: 'The alleged publication, if true, was doubtless the first appearance in print of the great sonnet on "Night and Death." Unluckily the correspondence affords no clue whatever to the locality of that publication; nor, so far as I am aware, has it ever been traced.' He adds, however: 'Since writing the above note I have discovered what, until White's charge against Coleridge is substantiated, must be regarded as the first appearance on the typographical horizon of the "Night and Death" sonnet—viz., in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1835.'

I have recently discovered an old annual which throws a new light on the subject, and fixes the date of first publication seven years earlier. This is 'The Bijou': London, William Pickering, 1828. Here the sonnet appears with considerable variations from the text of the author's subsequent revision. This, too, is the only authority, so far as I know, for the fact that it was originally dedicated to Coleridge; and, moreover, an easy clue is furnished to the mystery of White's complaint. Coleridge acknowledges the receipt of the sonnet, with high encomiums, in a letter to White under date of Nov. 28, 1827. In a letter undated but subsequent to this, he makes his earnest disclaimer of all responsibility for the unauthorized publication. How should this come about with no blame to Coleridge, while he perhaps had been given, a few weeks previous, the only copy of the poem out of the author's hands? Truly the situation looked a little compromising to 'S. T. C.' But even at this distance of time I think his acquittal not difficult under the circumstantial evidence.

'The Bijou' of 1828 was remarkable for its contributors: more than a dozen of the most eminent names appear in the list. In the preface the editor pays his compliments to them, but expresses his 'thanks, in a separate paragraph, to S. T. Coleridge, Esq.' It appears that that gentleman, 'in the most liberal manner, permitted the editor to select what he pleased from all his unpublished MSS.' Herein, I think, is the key to the situation which brought about the misunderstanding. The privilege was a royal one; but we may be sure the editor found himself engaged with as disorderly a mass of papers as ever fell to his lot. The result of this free rummage was five Coleridge poems, and besides—can we doubt?—a certain

sonnet of quite tolerable merit with a name attached which the editor had never before seen. It was really good enough to print! The obscure author would undoubtedly feel himself complimented if the little poem were 'appropriated,' especially as he would appear in such excellent company. And then, it was dedicated to Coleridge; and did not that fact make it constructively one of his manuscripts? At any rate, the first appearance upon the 'typographical horizon' of this sonnet, with a long future of fame before it, was in the brilliant constellation of 'The Bijou,' in 1828; but Blanco White, it seems, felt more of chagrin than flattery in his new position. It is to be presumed that when Coleridge's explanation came he fully exonerated him from blame, as we shall do, especially when we reflect on the great poet-philosopher's obliviousness of the details of his personal surroundings.

The following is a literal transcript of the famous sonnet in its first form, as it appeared in 'The Bijou.'

NIGHT AND DEATH

A SONNET

Dedicated to S. T. Coleridge, Esq., by his sincere friend,
JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

Mysterious night, when the first man but knew
Thee by report, unseen, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! creation widened on his view!
Who could have thought what darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, oh, Sun? Or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such endless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Weak man! Why to shun death, this anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

It is interesting to compare the variations in the text of the author's latest revision:—

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened on man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

There is room for doubt as to whether all of these alterations conduce to the betterment of the poem. The infelicitous tautology in the eleventh line appears in both versions. It is so manifestly an oversight that some editors have boldly substituted 'flower' for 'fly' in the text.

It would appear from some lines by Sara Coleridge that Blanco White was not, in his latter years, always sustained by the high hope expressed in his own poem:—

Did'st thou to earth confine our being's scope?
O thou light-searching spirit, that did'st grope
In such bleak shadows here 'twixt life and death.

AMENIA, N. Y.

MYRON B. BENTON.

The "Vandal" in Shakspeare's Church

[The New York Tribune]

SIR:—I notice in your issue of the 2d inst. a letter from a writer with the initials 'W. W.,' whom I identify with Mr. William Winter, who has lately paid a visit to this town. As anything coming from Stratford-on-Avon has a special interest for American readers, I trust you will allow me to make a few remarks on Mr. Winter's communication. Into that part of it which refers to me personally, in somewhat uncomplimentary terms, I will not go, further than to say that I was on the Continent at the time of Mr. Winter's visit, and regret that he has allowed himself so freely to abuse a man whom he has never seen. But when he speaks of the work which has been done at the church during my incumbency, with the sanction of my Bishop, the Bishop of Worcester, and the approval of the churchwardens, who represent the parishioners, I can only say that he must have met some one who has thoroughly 'gulled' him. The letter teems with misstatements from end to end. I will only instance one.

He says we have moved human remains in altering the paths in the churchyard. For this statement there is not the slightest foundation, and anybody acquainted with the laws of England could have told him that it is impossible to exhume the body of the humblest parishioner without a special order from the Secretary of State.

I say no more as to this, but there is one statement, which is surely unworthy of a writer in your well-known paper. He says I was appointed by Lord Sackville to my present post. The implication is that I was sent here by one whose name is not now popular in the States. The real fact is that my patron was the predecessor of the present lord, with whom I am entirely unacquainted. In England we should call this disingenuous.

I cannot conclude without saying that there is one statement in the letter of which the first part at least is absolutely true: 'Mr. Arbuthnot valued the venerable building as a church; the rest of the world valued it as a relic.' It is true, most true, that I regard my parish church as dedicated to the service of Almighty God, and I hope that in this belief I shall carry many of your readers with me.

GEORGE ARBUTHNOT, Vicar.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, ENG., Sept. 21, 1889.

Notes

The Harvard Monthly for November will contain a translation of the first two acts of Henrik Ibsen's latest play, 'Die Frau von Meer' ('The Lady of the Sea'). The remaining three acts of the play will be published in the December number. In 'The Lady of the Sea' the dramatist suggests answers to the problems proposed by him in 'Nora; or, The Doll's Home.' The translation is by George R. Carpenter, who wrote the article on Ibsen published in *Scribner's* last April.

—Mr. Richard Mansfield's company gave, at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on Wednesday of last week, Oct. 30, a matinée performance of Ibsen's 'A Doll's Home,' which has been so much written and talked about in London. The play made a strong impression, though Mr. Mansfield himself did not appear in it. The translation is understood to be Mr. William Archer's.

—Björnstjerne Björnson's new novel, 'Paa Guds Veie' ('In the Ways of God'), on which he has been engaged for some time, is about ready for the printer. It describes the life and career of two young friends, one of them a Freethinker, the other a Christian.

—Football will be considered in a supplement to the number of *Harper's Weekly* to be published November 13th. Henry W. Beecher will write upon 'Training the Yale Eleven,' illustrated with cuts from instantaneous photographs. Richard M. Hodge, of Princeton, will write upon the 'American Foot-Ball Eleven'; and H. Nottingham Townsend will describe the English game, which will be illustrated by a double-page drawing of an exciting moment in a match. Prof. Boyesen will contribute to the number of *Harper's Young People* to be published November 12th the first instalment of a story, in two parts, entitled 'Bonnyboy.' The Farnsworth Art School, recently opened at Wellesley College, will be described by Annie Isabel Willis in *Harper's Bazar* published Nov. 15.

—Dr. Amelia Blandford Edwards arrived in New York on Saturday last, and went to the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn. Her first lecture in this country was to be delivered in the Academy of Music in that city on Thursday evening, its subject being 'The Buried Cities of Egypt.' Unfortunately she was suffering from a severe bronchial cold on her arrival, and in poor condition to do justice to her powers as a speaker in so large a hall as the Academy. The *Eagle* thus describes the lady's personal appearance:

Miss Edwards has rather a remarkable face. Her features, though far from being regular, are comely, and well express the predominant traits of her well-rounded character. Intellectuality is expressed by the high forehead, from which the hair is brushed straight back in the simplest manner. Her mouth indicates firmness tempered with sweetness, and her strong chin denotes the determination which has been so dominant an element in her success. To sum up, Miss Edwards is a charming woman.

Dr. Edwards will lecture in this city before the Geographical Society on Monday, Dec. 9; at Columbia College on Jan. 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14; and at the Madison Square Theatre, before the New York branch of the Archæological Institute of America, on later dates. She may also address the Nineteenth Century Club.

—We clip the following notes from *The Athenæum*:—Lord Tennyson's new volume is being kept back for the best of all reasons: he is writing for it some fine new poems. His powers of producing poetry are as vigorous as ever. Mr. Lowell, who has just sailed for Boston in his favorite ship the *Cephalonia*, has written a new poem which is said to be conceived in his happiest vein. It will

appear first in an American magazine. Miss Amy Levy left, besides the new poems already announced, a volume of short stories which will also be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Louis Dyer will deliver the Lowell Lectures at Boston this winter. Their subject, it is understood, will be the 'Religion of the Early Greeks.' Mr. Dyer is about to be married to the eldest daughter of Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the well-known publisher.

—Mr. Paul du Chaillu, who arrived in England last week from the United States, intends to pass the winter in Egypt. His next work, apart from children's books, so Mr. Edmund Yates declares, is to be an elaborate biography of Gustavus Adolphus.

—We are glad to learn that the 'Notes on American Schools' which Dr. J. G. Fitch appended to his last annual report as Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools are to be published shortly by Macmillan & Co. Dr. Fitch's generous and appreciative criticism will be wanted on the shelves of our educational students beside those of Fraser, Hippeau and Buisson.

—Mr. Seth Low's letter accepting the Presidency of Columbia College was read at the meeting of the Trustees on Monday. The Hamilton Club will give him a farewell dinner on Jan. 23, and he will assume his new duties in February. A gift to the College of \$20,000 from the Hon. Charles McKim was reported at Monday's meeting. The money will be used in the Department of Architecture. Mr. D. A. V. Jackson was appointed instructor in Anglo-Saxon.

—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania on Tuesday, a museum of archaeology and paleontology was established. Prof. Edward D. Cope was elected to the chair of geology, and three women were elected as managers of the University Hospital. An offer from Mr. Joseph M. Bennett, to give properties adjoining the University building for a college for women in connection with the University, was accepted.

—The compiler of the useful handbook in question writes to us: 'The *World Almanac* for 1889, was published on January 20. If Grover Cleveland was not President then, who was? By referring to the list of 'Famous Old Men,' you will observe that it was dated Jan. 1, 1889. You will find upon investigation that the ages were correctly stated for that date. Don't you think you owe an apology to the 'Almanac?'

As to the Old Men, yes; but as to the President, no. The fact that the date is given on certain pages (p. 122, for instance) and not on others (such as 165) would seem to imply that the date of publication was to be understood, unless some other was specified; and the 'Almanac' was not received at this office till October.

—Another paper modelled upon THE CRITIC as to size, shape and typography, is *St. Andrew's Cross*, published monthly by the Protestant Episcopal Brotherhood of St. Andrew. Heretofore it has been published in Chicago, but beginning with the November number it will be issued from 47 Lafayette Place, New York. The *Cross*, which is now in its fourth year, will doubtless profit in every way by the transfer of its office to the Empire City.

—Mr. Frank Murray of Moray House, Derby, Eng., sends out a prospectus of a small number of copies (all that remain) of Dr. J. Charles Cox's 'Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire,' to be sold at a reduced price. The work is in four profusely illustrated volumes.

—This year the example of work from the old Chiswick Press in Chancery Lane, which has been the feature of White & Allen's list each fall since the organization of the new firm, will be the Aldine Edition of 'The Arabian Nights,' in four volumes, illustrated with 100 full-page tinted photogravures after designs by Stanley L. Wood of the *Illustrated London News*. Sheridan's 'Rivals,' illustrated by Frank M. Gregory, will be brought out at once by White & Allen. Five of the fifty illustrations are water-colors reproduced in fac-simile by the photo-aquarelle process used in the edition of 'Faust' published last year.

—For its sixty-third year *The Youth's Companion* announces six serial stories and over 150 short ones, including those which have taken the \$5000 offered in prizes. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Blaine will contribute articles, the former having chosen for his subject 'The Characteristics of Motley, Historian and Diplomat.' Travel and exploration will be dealt with by Joseph Thomson, Commander Cameron, Lieutenant Schwatka and Lord Wolseley; science by Professor Tyndall, Sir Morell Mackenzie and Dr. W. A. Hammond; natural history by John Burroughs and Prof. N. S. Shaler; education by President Angell of the University of Michigan, President C. K. Adams of Cornell, and President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University; domestic interests by 'Marian Harland,' and public life by Senator Hoar, Congressman T. B. Reed and Speaker Carlisle of the House of Representatives. The English painter, Mr. Frith, will narrate anecdotes of the children

who have posed for him; Captain Kennedy of the Germanic will describe some of the incidents that have occurred to him in 500 voyages across the Atlantic; P. T. Barnum will go behind the scenes of his show for the amusement of his readers; Justin McCarthy will supply Reminiscences of famous Prime Ministers he has known, and the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts will show 'How to Invest Savings and Build Homes.'

—In a recent London Letter, Mrs. Walford said, banteringly: 'but then, perhaps, for lunatics nothing really matters very much'—an utterance which has moved M. E. Berry, Secretary of the Society for Promoting the Welfare of the Insane, to address us as follows:

Having given several years to the close study of lunatics, and having seen how intensely susceptible they are to mental anguish, in many cases, I desire to protest against their being placed below 'lepers' and 'convicts,' or any other unfortunate class of persons. Insane people are not all alike. They differ as widely, even more widely, than when rational. The mental helplessness of lunatics should appeal strongly to our pity, to our studious care, and to our best medical attention, not by congregating hundreds together under one régime, but by segregating the cases and treating each according to its needs.

—Longmans, Green & Co. are about to publish an authorized life of Cardinal Lavigerie, the Primate of Africa, which will contain a full statement of the means by which he proposes to check the slave-trade.

—Henry Gréville, the French novelist, announces that the Château of Nohant, in which George Sand lived and died, is in the market since the death of M. Maurice Sand. The estate lies a few miles from La Châtre, a little city in the old Province of Berri. The château is three stories high. Whoever buys it will have George Sand's study and bedroom as they were when she last occupied them. Maurice never assumed his mother's real name, Dudevant.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Mr. W. J. Courthope's 'Life of Pope' brings the Elwin and Courthope edition of the poet's works to a close. 'Few publications have had a stranger history. The materials were collected by Wilson Croker, who was assisted by Peter Cunningham. Croker died, and the work of editing was passed over to the Rev. Whitwell Elwin. Mr. Elwin proved to be too hostile a critic for the task. Nothing that tended to depreciate the character of Pope as a man escaped his eye, and he marshaled his facts with damning effect. At last his position grew intolerable to him, and—to the relief of many of his readers—he resigned in favor of Mr. Courthope, who proceeded to edit several volumes of the poems, and most of the correspondence.'

—Lamb's very able and sympathetic editor, the Rev. Alfred Ainger, writes that the little church at Widford, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, is in need of substantial repair. 'It is the church where Lamb as a child sat on many a summer Sunday with his grandmother, Mrs. Field, the housekeeper at Blakesware, half a mile distant (the 'Blakesmoor' in Hertfordshire' of the delightful essay). . . . The 'slender-tapering' spire is in danger of falling through decay of the structure, and it is to make all safe that funds are now needed. Three hundred pounds is the estimated cost—not a large sum, but one beyond the means of a small village population. Subscriptions to the fund may be sent to the Rev. J. T. Lockwood, Widford Rectory, Ware, Herts. If there should be a balance in hand after the necessary repairs are completed, he will place in the church a small stained window as a memorial of the gentle Elia.

—The *Athenæum* describes as 'the most interesting English poetess now living' a native of Canada, 'the cultivated daughter of an Indian chief'—a 'young lady, who, though she bears the English name of Pauline Johnson, is of a famous Indian family, the Mohawks of Brantford—that splendid race to whose unswerving loyalty during two centuries not only Canada, but the entire British nation, owes a debt that can never be repaid.'

—G. P. Putnam's Sons add to their previous announcements 'Haydn's Dictionary of Dates,' 19th edition, brought down to the autumn of 1889; a fourth edition of 'Modern Horsemanship,' by Edward L. Anderson; 'Labor and Life of the People,' Vol. I., East London, by Charles Booth; 'A History of Austro-Hungary from the Earliest Time to the Year 1889,' by Louis Leger, translated from the French by Mrs. Birkbeck Hill, with a Preface by Prof. Freeman; 'The First International Railway and the Early Colonization of New England,' a study of the life and writings of John Alfred Poor, edited by Laura E. Poor; 'A Hand-book of Precious Stones,' by M. D. Rothschild; 'The Sayings of Poor Richard,' edited from Franklin by Paul Leicester Ford; 'Spring and Summer; or, Blushing Hours,' a volume of poems by William Washburn; 'The Hammer: A Story of the Maccabean Wars in Palestine,' by the Rev.

Alfred J. Church; and 'Thomas Jefferson's Views on Public Education,' by John C. Henderson.

—Early in the new year Messrs. Putnam will begin the publication of a very promising series entitled 'Heroes of the Nations,' being studies of the lives and works and surrounding national conditions of representative historical characters about whom have gathered the traditions of the nations to which they belonged. The series will be under the supervision of Evelyn Abbott of Balliol College, Oxford, and will be published by Messrs. Putnam in London as well as in New York. Among the earlier volumes will be 'Pericles, and the Golden Age of Athens,' by Evelyn Abbott; 'Nelson, and England as a Naval Power,' by Clark Russell; 'Theodorick, the Goth, the Barbarian Champion of Civilization,' by Thomas Hodgkin; 'Charlemagne, the Reorganizer of Europe,' by George L. Burr of Cornell; 'Gustavus Adolphus, and the Struggle of Protestantism for Existence,' by C. R. L. Fletcher, late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; 'Alexander the Great, and the Extension of Greek Rule and of Greek Ideas,' by Prof. Benjamin J. Wheeler of Cornell; 'Hannibal, and the Contest of Carthage for the Supremacy of the World,' by E. A. Freeman; 'Cicero, and the Fall of the Roman Republic,' by J. L. Strachan Davidson, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford; 'Henry of Navarre, and the Huguenots in France,' by P. F. Willert, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford; and 'Bismarck: The New German Empire: How it Arose, What it Replaced, and What it Stands For,' by James Sims.

—The publication of the archives of Monaco has begun, and when it is finished many interesting documents will be rendered accessible. Monaco has acceded to the International Union for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. *The Athenaeum* says: The importance of this may not appear obvious. Yet, if the Principality had refused to join the Convention, any publisher there might reprint English, French, or other books, without caring whether the foreign authors liked it or not, and sell them at a low price, owing to not having paid for the copyright. The many thousands who visit the Principality yearly constitute a book-buying public. Of course the Monaco publisher who acted in the manner suggested would be an unscrupulous man, and he would not be greatly misdescribed if called a pirate. What could be done in the Principality of Monaco before it joined the International Union is, and has long been done in the enlightened Republic of the United States.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1499.—Where can I find the following lines:

I have another life I long to meet,
Without which life my life is incomplete.

PORTLAND, ME.

T. B. M.

[The verses occur in 'Led Astray,' by Boucicault, and are original with him; at least, they are not in Octave Feuillet's 'Tentation,' from which the play was adapted.]

PUBLISH TO-DAY:

Aspects of the Earth.

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1500.—Who is 'Graham R. Tomson,' the poet? Not long since I saw a reference to that person as 'the English lady who writes under the pen-name of Graham R. Tomson,' but in a late CRITIC the writer was mentioned as 'Mr.' I have also heard that he—or she—was also Mr. Andrew Lang, who modestly preferred not to appear too versatile or prolific. But the author of the 'Ballad of the Bird-Bride' need remain incognito no longer.

RIPLEY, OHIO.
[She is a Mrs. Tomson.]

C. B.

1501.—1. Who is Rosa Nouchette Carey, and where does she live?
2. Is 'The Abbé Constantin' a 'classic' among modern French novels?
PITTSBURGH, PA. Q.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Aurelius, Optimism. 25c. Chicago: The Bright Side Pub. Co.
Besant, Walter. The Bell of St. Paul's. 35c. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Bookworm, The. Second Series. \$3.00. Phila.: A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Brinton, D. J. Ethnologic Affinities of the Ancient Etruscans. Phila.: Amer. Philos. Society.
Butler, A. R. In the Beginning. \$1.00. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Butler, N. H. Education at the Paris Exposition... College for Training of Teachers.
Chadwick, J. W. Evolution as Related to Religious Thought. 10c. Boston: New Ideal Pub. Co.
Cobbe, F. P., and Bryan, B. Vivisection in America. 3d. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.
Commonsense Arithmetic for Common Schools. Part I. 30c. Part II. 40c. A. Lovell & Co.
Day, Hester. A Snow Flower. 35c. James Pott & Co.
De Maupassant, Guy. The Odd Number. Tr. by J. Sturgis. \$1.00. Harper & Bros.
Donahoe, D. J. A Tent by the Lake. Phila.: J. B. Alden.
Fontaine, C. Les Poètes Français du XIXe Siècle. \$1.00. W. R. Jenkins.
Graham, Mary. Margaret Ellison: A Story of Tuna Valley. College for Training of Teachers.
Hervy, A. B. Manual Training. 50c. Morning Times Co.
Irvine, L. H. The Struggle for Bread. 50c. Oakland, Cal.: Morning Times Co.
Jessop, George H. Gerald French's Friends. \$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.
King, R. A. Passion's Slave. 50c. D. Appleton & Co.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. Tales from Shakespeare. \$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
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Matthews, Brander. A Family Tree. \$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.
Morgan, T. J. Studies in Pedagogy. \$1.75. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.
Nichols, S. H. The Philosophy of Evolution. 10c. Boston: New Ideal Pub. Co.
Reader, E. E. Echoes of Thought. \$1.75. Longmans, Green & Co.
Sandford, F. R. The Bursting of a Boom. \$1.25. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Savage, M. J. Effects of Evolution on the Coming Civilization. 10c. Boston: New Ideal Pub. Co.
Swisher, B. F. Florecita. J. B. Alden.
Tennyson, Alfred. The Miller's Daughter. \$2.00. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
The Kindergarten and Form Study and Drawing. College for Training of Teachers.
Wells, David A. Recent Economic Changes. \$2.00. D. Appleton & Co.
Wilson, Woodrow. The State. \$2.00. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Wordsworth, W. Poetical Works. 8 vols. \$5.00. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Young, J. D. Adrift. \$1.25. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.

A young lady of some ability and experience would like a position as an amanuensis or general assistant to some one engaged in literary work; or as a reader to an invalid. M. L. S., Care THE CRITIC.

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